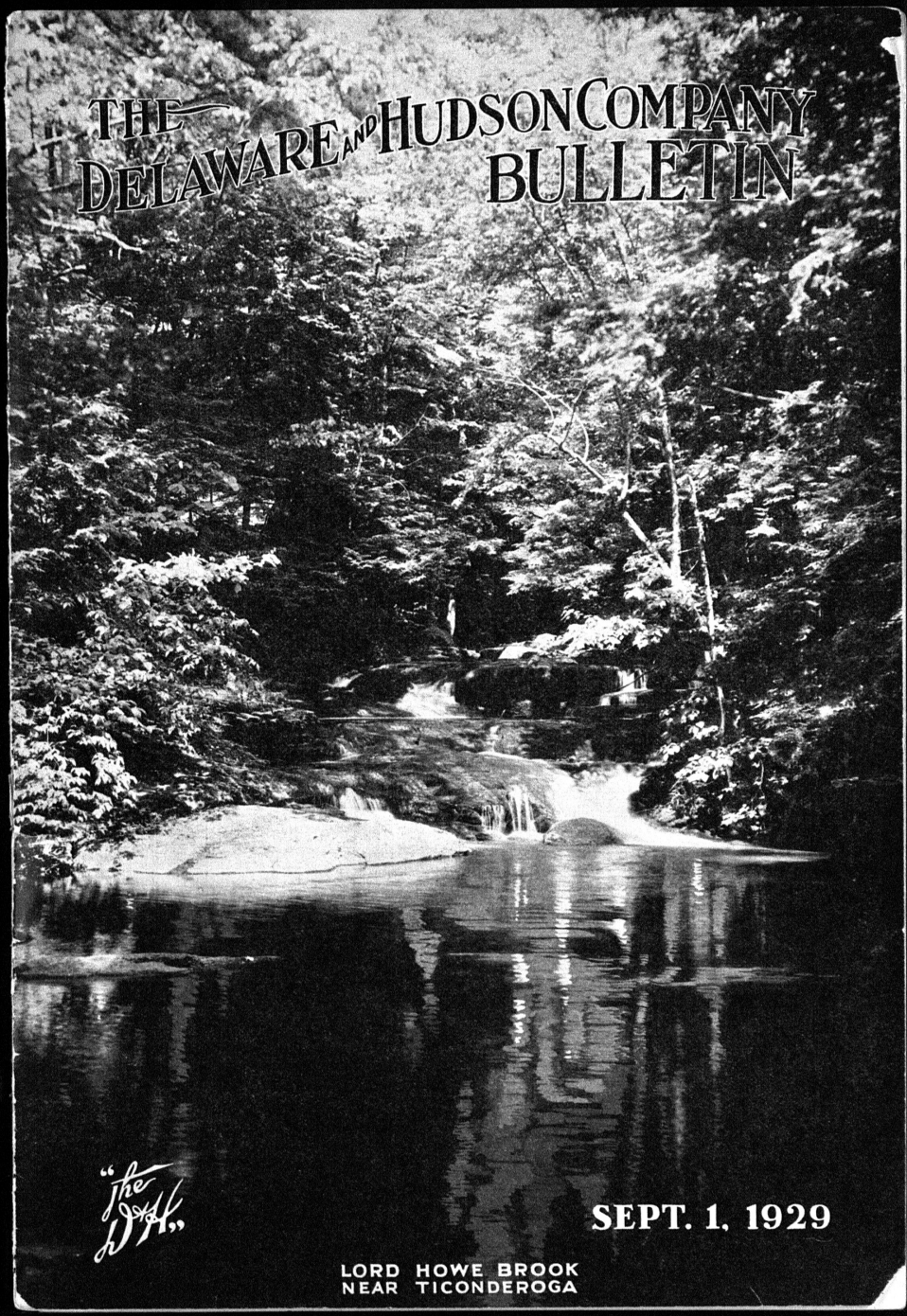
THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN



"The D. & H."

SEPT. 1, 1929

LORD HOWE BROOK
NEAR TICONDEROGA

Old Timers

WE meet again! Old friend, your hand
And tell me how you do;
I see you now but once a year
Yet often think of you;
Of good old days that used to be,
Of rare old jokes and fun,
When our first pioneering days
Had only just begun.

"Have you forgotten this, old top?
And where is so-and-so?"
Strange how the golden memories throng
From scenes we used to know.
You're slightly bald, I'm growing plump,
And yet we age disdain,
For when we meet as Veterans
We're only boys again!

Your hand once more! Old pal, it's good
To hear your cheery voice;
To know you've not forgotten me,
It makes my heart rejoice.
Let's toast our pioneering years
And give them three times three;
One for present, one for future,
And one for memory!

—Molly Bevan.

The DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN

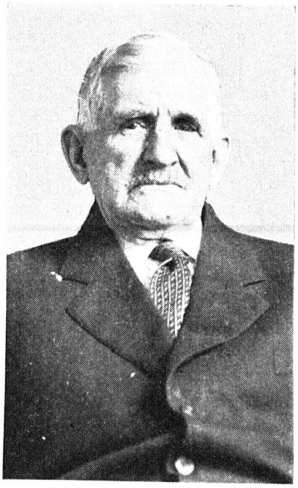
Vol. 9 | Albany, N. Y., September 1, 1929 | No. 17

From Birch Rod To Telegraph Key

Better Pay Attracted Schoolmaster Into Railroad Service Where He Spent Forty-Five Years

A MAN who has really enjoyed his life's work, even after his retirement has taken him away from his active duties, never loses sight of the pleasures and the pains which are no more. After many years of tireless energy spent in one position, the work seems to become a part of him. The trainman thinks in terms of car lengths, the stenographer in word-signs and symbols, and so with everyone. The story is told of a miller who could not sleep when he was not within earshot of his turning water wheel. Several times he went off on vacations but was always back on the second day—the change was too great for his mind. For him retirement was out of the question; he was not content away from his job.

There are some people, however, who simply cannot carry on. Time and aging hands force them to turn their work over to younger men. It is almost invariably the case in such instances that these men seek out homes near to their former places of business. This perhaps explains why ADDISON M. SPENCER, retired station agent, is to be found today at his home in Schenevus within a stone's throw of the passenger station and within full view of the main lines of The Delaware and Hudson Company.



ADDISON M. SPENCER

It was back in the days of the telegraph tape that his name first appeared on the payrolls of the company. He tells of his first experience with the paper tape system of receiving telegraphic messages. The paper tape, a few inches in width, was wound from one spool to another. There was a sharp point on the arm of the sounder which moved up and down with the clicking of the instrument. A dash, of course, would leave a longer line than a dot. By this method the operator was really able to read the messages from the paper tape. A man who was only experienced in "reading by ear", however, would have difficulty with the printed messages due to the vast difference in the two systems. It took a lot of experience to become familiar with the paper tape system just as it does in receiving by ear.

MR. SPENCER was born at Farmersville in Cattaraugus County, New York, May 26, 1852. When three and one-half years of age his family moved to Otsego county, the county which gave the world James Fenimore Cooper, the author, our national sport, baseball, and a wealth of historic Indian lore. At the age of nine the Spencers

moved to Elk Creek. After a short period at the latter place they moved to Schenevus which has since been MR. SPENCER'S home except for short periods when his work forced him to take up temporary quarters elsewhere.

Up until the time he was 18 or 19 years of age ADDISON worked on his father's farm during the summer and went to school during the winter months. During these years he received a very liberal education. Following the completion of his schooling he became a teacher in the district schools in the vicinity. He taught one year at Colliers, one year at Seward, and seven other years at different places.

In October, 1879, he married Miss Florence Wilson, following which he taught school two more winters and one summer. In the meantime he had spent much of his spare time learning telegraphy. MR. SPENCER finally went to work for our company on February 28, 1882. For a few months he was employed on relief work on the extra list until July 15, 1883, when he became night operator at Maryland, for the "immense sum of $35 per month."

This was better than the salary he received during some of his terms as a teacher, however. Teachers received from eight to ten dollars per week. His first position at a district school paid him $1.25 per day for five days a week. During his last term he received $7.50 per week and his board. Teachers then took turns spending the night in the homes of the parents of their pupils, "boarding round" as it was called.

MR. SPENCER continued at Maryland until 1885 when he was appointed to the position of telegrapher and clerk at Worcester station. He was there for eleven or twelve years. On May 10, 1905, he was appointed Agent at Schoharie Junction, then one of the busiest stations on the division, where he remained until his retirement became effective December 1, 1928.

In July or August, 1905, shortly after he assumed his duties at Schoharie Junction, he had a very narrow escape in the station. At that time there were living quarters in the station building for the agent and his family. MR. SPENCER was taking advantage of these accommodations by living in the station at the time. The tile chimney had been broken off above the roof line thus preventing the use of the kitchen stove until repairs had been made. In those days one was never sure when the company would be able to send a man to repair the damage, and in the meantime he was using an oil stove for heating purposes.

One morning, after rising about 5:30, he went down stairs to light the stove. It was one of the old oil stoves with an asbestos wick which had to be allowed to soak up the oil before it could be lit. While waiting for it to become saturated he went out to the pump in the telegraph office to get some water. At just 6 A. M. a northbound freight struck the upper end of the station hurling part of it all the way across the Schoharie Valley Railway tracks up against a telephone pole. The stove and all of the SPENCERS' dishes were completely smashed up.

The remarkable part of the incident was, however, that if it had happened ten seconds sooner he would have been in its path. Had it happened one minute later he would probably have been in lighting the stove or it would have been lit and in addition to being struck the station building probably would have taken fire.

During his term of service there were numerous derailments and wrecks near Schoharie Junction. The station is just at the end of a sharp "S" curve and if an unwary engineman came down through there too fast he was apt to derail his train. In May, 1911, seventeen or eighteen cars left the track just north of the passenger station. These were mostly gondolas loaded with coal and they were heaped up in all directions, some on end, others upside down, and some completely demolished and over the bank. There were two cars of furniture in the train and although they were derailed and toppled over the bank there wasn't a single piece of furniture broken. The side of a car of fresh meat burst out and it leaned at such an angle that the quarters of beef hung out over the track.

MR. SPENCER is a member of The Delaware and Hudson Veterans Association, Delaware and Hudson Freight and Ticket Agents Association, Odd Fellows, Masons, and the Methodist Church.

ONE chance in a million is slim indeed. Yet one's chance of being killed while traveling on railway passenger trains is only one in 7,240,000, on the basis of last year's accident record. Railway passenger travel was more than three times as safe in 1928 as it was in 1918, when there was one fatality for every 2,304,000 passengers carried. The danger of being fatally injured while riding on railway passenger trains is now so remote that if one were to take an average railway journey of forty-one miles every day, his expectancy of life, if it rested solely upon passenger train accidents, would be 19,800 years, or twenty times the 964 years attained by Methuselah.

The Stourbridge Lion Centennial

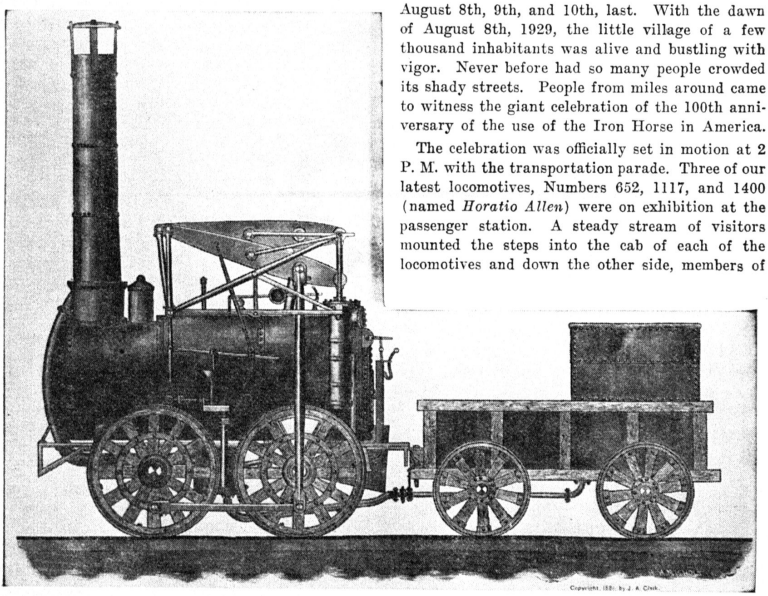
Honesdale Celebrates the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Operation by Horatio Allen of the First Locomotive to Run in America

THERE is no more interesting subject under the sun than the development of transportation, for the story of transportation holds the key to the progress of civilization. So long as man can find new and quicker modes of travel he will continue to make progress, the limit of progress will only be reached when he can move about no faster or with no greater ease. In no other field, with the possible exception of electricity, has there been more activity during the past century than in the field of transportation. It hardly seems possible that it was only one hundred years ago this year that the first locomotive to run in America, the *Stourbridge Lion*, made its famous trip from Honesdale to what is now Seelyville. The locomotive never operated in service because of its excessive weight (7 tons) but that trip opened a new era in American commerce.

After its second test trip was concluded the *Stourbridge Lion* passed into history and so far as is known it never ran again, but these trips had been sufficient. The American people realized that this was the mode of travel of the future and gradually accepted it thereafter as matter of course. Today there are 249,131 miles of railroad in the United States.

To commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of that eventful trip and the birth of steam transportation in this country, the Stourbridge Lion Centennial Exposition was held in Honesdale August 8th, 9th, and 10th, last. With the dawn of August 8th, 1929, the little village of a few thousand inhabitants was alive and bustling with vigor. Never before had so many people crowded its shady streets. People from miles around came to witness the giant celebration of the 100th anniversary of the use of the Iron Horse in America.

The celebration was officially set in motion at 2 P. M. with the transportation parade. Three of our latest locomotives, Numbers 652, 1117, and 1400 (named *Horatio Allen*) were on exhibition at the passenger station. A steady stream of visitors mounted the steps into the cab of each of the locomotives and down the other side, members of



The Stourbridge Lion

the Motive Power Department at Carbondale being on hand to see that the locomotives were exhibited to advantage. So steady was the stream of callers that the locomotives were electrically lighted on the second day so that on that and the following evening they were perfect counterparts of locomotives in actual night service on the railroad. Many of the visitors were curious to know more about the locomotives which were on display than was apparent upon casual inspection. Particular interest was shown in our new 652 and many men and women were heard to express the opinion that it was the neatest appearing locomotive they had ever seen.

The transportation parade proved to be a most interesting study in various modes of travel from old ox-carts to the modern passenger-carrying biplane. The parade was led by automobiles carrying the heads of the exposition and their guests including COLONEL J. T. LOREE, Vice-President and General Manager; W. W. BATES, Assistant to General Manager for Personnel; GEORGE E. BATES, Assistant to Vice-President for Industrial Development; H. F. BURCH, Assistant General Manager; H. S. CLARKE, Engineer, Maintenance of Way; G. S. EDMONDS, Superintendent of Motive Power; and C. A. MORGAN, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Division.

Descriptive floats and elaborately costumed paraders followed. A tribe of Indians with their crude travois carrying their belongings, painted and dressed in their trappings of war, typified the first method of transportation. There were old fashioned stage coaches, high-wheel bicycles, old fashioned baby carriages, motorcycles, and automobiles. The group of automobiles included machines from the first ones manufactured to the present day, one-cylinder machines steered with a bar instead of a wheel up to the modern eight and twelve cylinder limousines. And, as a token of what the future holds in store for transportation development, a two-seated biplane moved up and down the street under its own power. Over head another plane roared about the city.

At 3:30 P. M. a monument was dedicated by Mrs. R. D. Lewis, granddaughter of Horatio Allen, on approximately the spot where the *Stourbridge Lion* began its famous trip over the none too strong right of way. Upon it is this inscription: "Near this site on August 8th, 1829, the *Stourbridge Lion* made its trial trip on the railroad of The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company with Horatio Allen as engineer. To commemorate that historic event this monument was erected by the citizens of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, August 8th, 1929."

Immediately following the dedication L. A. Howell, Chairman of the Committee, opened the speaking of the afternoon. He was followed by the Honorable A. T. Searle, President Judge of Wayne County; COLONEL J. T. LOREE, Vice-President and General Manager or our company; the Honorable Samuel E. Shull, President Judge of Pike and Monroe counties; and the Honorable Harry A. Mackey, Mayor of Philadelphia. Between the various speeches music was furnished by the Lawrence Band.

Following a band concert at Central park the historical pageant was held in the evening on the Stourbridge Lion School Grounds. The pageant opened with four groups dressed in the native costumes of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, coming from the four corners of the field singing national folk songs. They gathered on the stage and sang *America* while moving slowly from the center stage to the choir stage. The orchestra picked up *Meditation* and The Weaver, the main character in the pageant, crossed the field and took his place on the stage.

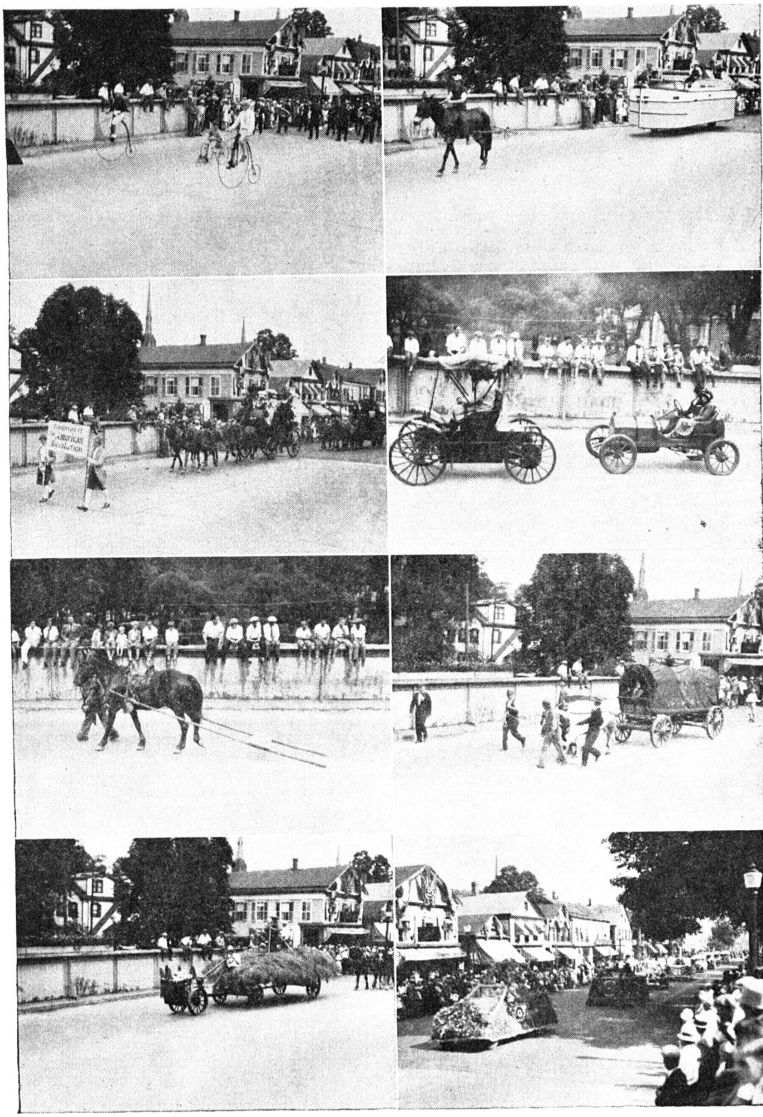
The theme of the pageant centered around the weaver "who weaves the web of the years." Supporting him were actors representing Fortitude, Courage, Industry, Friendship, Faith, Equality, Progress, Good-Will, Service, War, Lamentation, and Peace. The story runs from the pioneers who first opened the territory, the coming of the railroad, the Civil War, and the peace which followed. The pageant which was one of the most colorful and well presented of its kind in eastern Pennsylvania for some years was written and presented under the direction of Rev. William R. Newton who also took the part of The Weaver.

On the second day there was a very interesting parade of the local industries and business houses, all of which entered floats. In mid-afternoon an airplane circled overhead, climbing up to such a height that it was a mere speck in the sky. The pilot then began to put it through various stunts, loops, turns, upside-down flying, and steep climbs and dives. After several minutes of stunting he came down to earth again in long graceful glides.

A tent on Main Street contained a very interesting exhibit in the form of a perfect working model, built to scale, of the Loree Breaker at Plymouth, Pa. This breaker has a capacity of 8,000 tons in eight hours.

The third and final day of the celebration was devoted to a parade of the fire departments of Honesdale, Carbondale, Scranton, and other near-

(Turn to page 270)



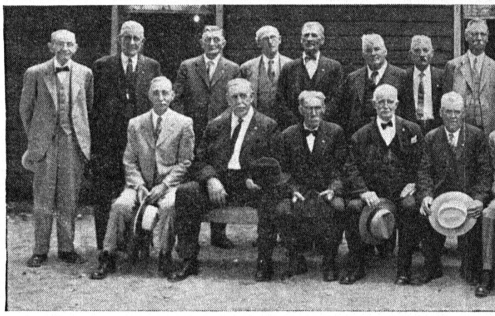
Veterans' Association Holds Eighth

Those Who Attended Agree That Reunion Held At Sidney Camp Ground Surpasses All

WHEN, at the January meeting of the Delaware and Hudson Veterans, some of the boys from the south end of the road began to sing the praises of clam-bakes at Sidney they started something which reached its natural climax on Saturday, August 10th. Under smiling skies the Veterans and their friends converged on the Camp Grounds at Sidney by special train and by automobiles for the Eighth Annual Outing and Clam-Bake of the Association. The schedule had been so well worked out that there was just a nice time allowed for visiting with old friends before the doors of the dining hall were thrown open.

Places had been set for 555 persons and as we looked around the hall there seemed to be very few open spaces when the gathering had been seated. There were family groups, there were old pals who had not met in a year or more and there were bunches of the boys who work together, and all minds had but a single thought—CLAMS!

The clams came in due course, preceded by a helping of chicken, corn, potatoes, and fixings that seriously impaired not a few rugged appetites. It certainly cannot be said that anyone rose from the tables hungry for there was enough and to spare—two slices of watermelon for those who could eat it. Of course there was singing during the meal, and at its conclusion JERRY WARREN of Binghamton sang "The Irish Jubilee" amid thunderous applause.



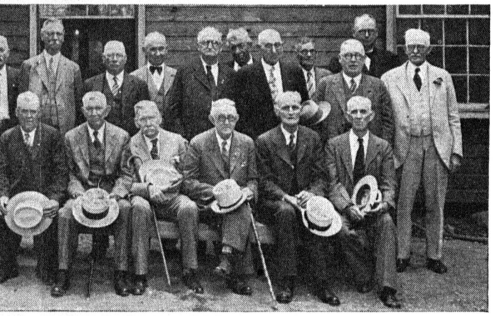
Veterans Indeed! — Fifty Years or More W

Following the photographing of the group and a separate picture of the Fifty-Year Veterans, all gathered at the field where the State Troopers



hth Annual Outing and Clam Bake

sses All Previous Outings. State Troopers Give Spectacular Exhibition of Horsemanship



rs or More With The Delaware and Hudson

under Captain D. E. Fox gave a thrilling exhibition of horseback riding, both singly and in groups.

By this time the folks from the north end had to be thinking about getting on their way. Thanks to the employes and their friends who gave the use of their automobiles, the committee was able to get everyone back to the station in ample time for the trains.

Our only regret is that we are unable to show the picture of the members of the committee which so ably handled all details of the clam-bake and outing, but they refused to leave a good meal to pose before the cameras. The success of the affair was due also to the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce of Sidney and to the State Troopers of Captain Fox who, in addition to their performance at the Camp Grounds, assisted the expeditious movement of automobile traffic to and from the affair.

As we look back on the reunion the following lines which were composed in connection with a similar occasion recently seem not to be amiss:

We have passed another milestone,
Written down another page
In the volume of Life's Story
Set in this progressive age.

As we look into the faces
Of the friends of yester-year,
Comes a thrill of joy and gladness
And we voice a lusty cheer.

(Turn to page 270)



The
Delaware and Hudson Company
BULLETIN

Office of Publication:
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ALBANY, N. Y.

PUBLISHED semi-monthly by The Delaware and Hudson Company, for the information of the men who operate the railroad, in the belief that mutual understanding of the problems we all have to meet will help us to solve them for our mutual welfare.

Permission is given to reprint, with credit, in part or in full, any article appearing in THE BULLETIN.

Vol. 9 September 1, 1929 No. 17

Why Delay?

WITH the beginning of another school year many parents are again brought face to face with the question of how much further they may hope to carry the education of their children.

In railroading especially, we see about us every day examples of men who have, with but a meagre education, risen high in the organization as the result of their practical experience and dominant personalities. Experience is, after all, a most necessary requirement for the man or woman whose position requires the use of good judgment.

If there were no schools or books we should to a considerable extent get our experience through the method of trial and error—by making mistakes, lots of them. We should try to teach our children so that they might avoid the difficulties which we in our time have experienced.

Education is the means whereby we may read of the mistakes, as well as the achievements, of others. If we are normally intelligent we may in this way fit ourselves to go on from the point at which others have finished instead of retracing their paths and repeating their mistakes from the beginning.

It is apparent that an education is an advantage, although other factors are of great importance in determining success or failure. For this reason parents should seriously consider the future prospects of their children who are still in the grade schools.

The papers recently printed the story of a man, no longer a boy, whose parents had put him through a course in Mechanical Engineering upon the completion of which he entered a Medical School as he had always wanted to be a doctor.

It is important to find out as early as possible whether a child has a leaning toward anything definite. Should he learn a trade and if so, what shall it be, and where may it best be learned? If a business or professional training is being considered the child's teachers are often glad to assist parents who are uncertain as to the capabilities of their children.

Catalogues which describe what the schools teach, their entrance requirements, cost of tuition and living expenses may be obtained free by simply writing to the college or school and asking for a descriptive catalogue.

Most of us know that the colleges and technical schools of the country are prepared to train doctors, lawyers, chemists, mechanical and electrical engineers, etc. There are in addition to these a number of new fields open to the student. Aeronautics is a subject of rapidly growing importance. Another of the newer courses of study relates to the petroleum industry, the foundation upon which our entire automotive and aircraft industries depend for their existence. There are many others of equal importance.

In many schools scholarships of from one hundred to a thousand dollars or more, are available for helping students who are unable to pay their own way. It is also possible for deserving students to obtain other financial assistance to help them through.

Even though you may not have decided to give your children a further education the matter is worth looking into NOW. Don't wait until they have finished their elementary education before you investigate to see what can be done.

Few people are too poor to get an education if they really want to work for it.

Gravity Reunion

ATTENTION is called to the "Gravity Reunion" which is to be held at Nayaug Park, Scranton, Saturday, September 7th. The program will start at 2 P. M. There will be an interesting series of songs, speeches and other features. The committee in charge of the arrangements states that JOHN GILLIGAN, Carbondale Yardmaster, is slated to "reminisce" in his own inimitable way. Basket lunches will be the order of the day. Detailed information regarding the affair may be obtained from the committee which consists of J. B. SAMPSON, J. F. WHEELER and GEO. LORENZ.

Novelist Through A Dare

Acceptance of Wife's Challenge Brings Popularity and Success to Famous American Author

THE initiation into literature of Bryant, Poe and Bayard Taylor, three early American writers, was preceded by a journalistic apprenticeship, but there was a fourth writer of note, one of the best known of American novelists, who might properly be termed a product of Delaware and Hudson territory, and whose efforts to secure a foothold on the lowest rung of the ladder of fame emanated from a dare.

The writer was James Fenimore Cooper, author of *The Spy, The Pilot, The Leather Stocking Tales, The Deerslayer, The Last of The Mohicans,* and nearly seventy other stories and publications. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on September 15, 1789, in a two-and-one-half story twin dwelling now known as No. 457 High Street. This house, with a plastered front, bearing a little plate reading "The birthplace of J. Fenimore Cooper," is still standing and is visited daily by tourists and admirers from all parts of the world. Curiously, the other side of this quaint old residence is the birthplace of Captain James Lawrence, a man who shed imperishable glory on the American Navy.



JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER

Cooper's removal to Cooperstown, New York, in 1790, when thirteen months old, was accompanied by an unusual incident which may have had much to do with the shaping of his mind; although he was not at the time consulted or considered.

His father, William Cooper, had acquired title to 29,350 acres of the Otsego tract of land which Colonel George Croghan lost under foreclosure of a mortgage held by William Franklin, son of Benjamin Franklin. Cooper took possession in 1786, founding a settlement in the same year, to which he gave his name. Early in 1788 he built a house for his own use, a two-story building with two wings. It was the second dwelling to be erected in the village and commanded a view of the full length of the lake. Here he kept bachelor's hall until 1790 when he decided to give up his residence in New Jersey and make Cooperstown his permanent home. Returning to Burlington, he completed arrangements to move his family and belongings, but his wife positively refused to go.

Mrs. Cooper, having had a brief experience in the new settlement, had no mind to exchange her residence in Burlington, where there was a well-established society and congenial friends, for the wild uncertainties of life in the wilderness. Her husband urged her to go, but with the conveyance ready and waiting at the door she sat firmly in a chair at the desk in the library of her Burlington home, and positively refused to budge.

Although she was a strong-minded woman, William Cooper was a stronger-minded man. Seizing the chair, with his wife seated in it, Cooper put her aboard the wagon, chair and all, and began the long journey to Cooperstown. Thus William Cooper carried his point, but his wife also carried hers for she traveled the entire distance in the chair from which she vowed she would not move. The chair itself, sacred to the memory of two strong minds, was still in use in the Cooper family a few years ago.

The life of James Fenimore Cooper, by this change of residence, was cast in a new mould. Here, as he later said, he discovered the romance of the lake and hills of Otsego from which he obtained all his first impressions. To his father, therefore, may be accorded the credit of not only being the founder the first town in Otsego settled after the Revolution, but of bringing to that town the founder of American romance.

James Fenimore Cooper remained at Cooperstown until, at the age of nine years, he was sent to Albany to be tutored by the rector of St. Peter's Church. At fourteen he entered Yale College where he remained for some time the youngest student on the rolls.

Possessed of a roving disposition, Cooper joined the United States Navy three years later, making voyages in merchant vessels to perfect himself in seamanship, and mastered every detail connected with the sailing of a ship. Eventually he became a lieutenant in the United States Navy where he gained experience which served him in good stead later when became a novelist. He resigned his commission in 1811 and was married in the same year to Susan de Lancey, taking her to Cooperstown on their honeymoon.

Cooper settled in Westchester County, New York, the "Neutral Ground" of his first American romance. He was thirty years old before he thought of writing a novel. It had not even been the ambition of his youth. Neither had he served an apprenticeship to the art, though as a boy he frequently set type "for fun" in the printing office of Judge Elihu Phinney, the publisher of the *Otsego Herald*. The idea came or rather was forced upon him in a most unexpected and unusual manner.

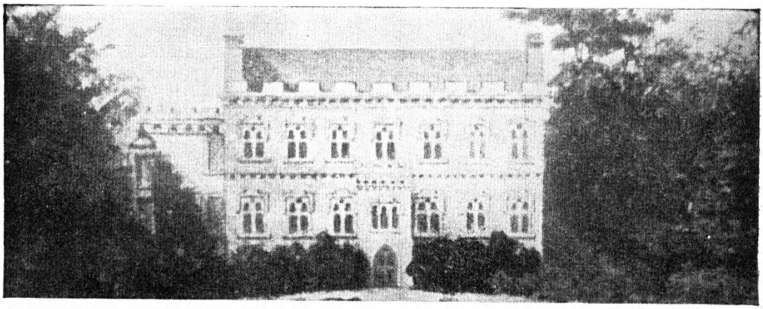
Cooper was in the habit of reading aloud to his wife, often reading works of fiction for her benefit. One day, as he finished reading a particularly dull book, he tossed it aside exclaiming: "I believe I could write a better story myself." Mrs. Cooper, amused at this outburst, and more to tease him than anything else, rejoined: "Well, if you feel that way about it, why don't you write one?"

The retort of his wife sounded very much like a challenge to Cooper who had a vein of obstinacy in his makeup. He was not the kind of a man to let a challenge go by him. "I'll do it," he declared. "I'll do it; and when I've finished it, you shall read the book."

Almost immediately after this conversation Cooper began his first book, choosing for his theme English high life, of which he had no knowledge. Working steadily on it for months he finally turned out a two-volume novel called *Precaution*, which he published anonymously in 1820.

Precaution is said to have been lacking in almost every essential to a first-class novel. The plot was insufficient, the characterization weak, and the style crude and amateurish. The judgment of the critics was against the work and even his devoted wife had her doubts which she loyally tried to conceal. Although called "pig-headed" by some of his opponents, Cooper showed no evidence of obstinacy in this particular case for he decided with his characteristic promptness that he would accept the popular verdict on *Precaution*, but would prove to the world that he could write a successful work of fiction.

He avoided a theme with which he was unfamiliar. Turning to American history for his subjct, he wrote a novel called *The Spy*, which was very successful at the time of its publication



Otsego Hall

in 1821. This work, praised on all sides, made the reputation of Cooper, and it had the largest sale of any book written by an American author. The novel was dramatized, and its success on the stage duplicated the success it had attained in book form. It was translated into French, and was afterward printed in most of the European languages.

This was followed in 1823 by *The Pioneers*, the first of the *Leatherstocking* series; and in 1824 by *The Pilot*, a bold and dashing sea-story. He followed these with scores of other books, some of them based on American history, and many dealing with the Indians. The *Last of the Mohicans*, one of the most popular of all of his novels, has many of its scenes in the vicinity of Glens Falls and Lake George during the French and Indian War. It also contains a vivid picture of the massacre of Fort William Henry. A cave, still known as "Cooper's Cave," in the Hudson at Glens Falls, is easily identified as the place where the heroes of the novel hid from the Indians.

In spite of Mark Twain's definition of Cooper's Indians as "an extinct tribe that never existed," these Indian novels remain one of the most vitally interesting literary products born of the storm and stress of our Colonial history.

In 1834, when he had become a novelist of international fame, and had lived for seven years in Europe, Cooper, at the age of forty-five, returned to Cooperstown and made his permanent home in the village of his childhood. He repaired and remodeled Otsego Hall which his father had built upon the site now marked by the statue of the Indian Hunter in the Cooper grounds, in which he resided until his death in 1851.

In spite of his popularity and success, Cooper was very sensitive to criticism of his works. He answered every criticism, involving him in endless correspondence. He also wrote the *Letter to His Countrymen* in 1834, in which he answered certain newspaper criticisms and, in apparent disgust, publicly announced that he had made up his mind to abandon his authorship. This brought a storm of newspaper abuse, which he particularly resented. Apparently unable to realize that, in controversy, silence is sometimes the most effective weapon, he replied to every attack.

Forsaking his resolution to abandon writing, Cooper began new hostilities in a satirical novel and other works containing frequent criticisms of both England and America, which drew down upon him the savage vituperation of the press both at home and abroad, and he soon became the most unpopular man of letters to whom America had ever given birth.

He instituted many libel suits and, in addition, became involved in considerable litigation with his neighbors in Cooperstown. Cooper acted almost wholly as his own lawyer, arguing his own cases in court. Although personally unpopular, he secured his verdicts from reluctant juries and won every case. Cooper's reputation as an author suffered from his success as a litigant, injuring the sale of his books, not only at the time, but for some years after his death.

Cooper's personal appearance was in accord with the strong individuality of his character. He was of massive form, a commanding figure, being six feet in height and weighing more than two hundred pounds. He had a full, expansive forehead, strong features, florid complexion, a mouth firm without harshness, and clear gray eyes. In later years he was rather portly and of firm and aristocratic bearing.

James Fenimore Cooper died at Cooperstown on September 14, 1851, the day before his sixty-second birthday, and his remains rest in the Cooper plot in Christ churchyard. His grave, covered with a prostrate marble slab bearing a cross, his name and the dates of his birth and death, has become a shrine of literary pilgrimage.

Need A Boss?

A FAMOUS English engineer tells a little story with a big moral to it. He says: "On a certain job which I engineered, I was making a tour of inspection to determine the progress of construction. Among the many workers I noticed one who was driving rivets with amazing speed but none the less with care.

"As I watched him I realized that he was doing as much work as any two other riveters within my vision. I approached him and in a casual manner asked: 'Who's the boss around here who makes you work so fast?' and the reply he gave me is one that I am never going to forget.

"'There's the boss over there, but he ain't my boss,' was the reply. "He bosses the men who do their work carelessly. Any fellow who needs a boss around here don't get far in this concern.'"—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

Veterans' Clam Bake

(Continued from page 265)

We rejoice to meet old comrades
Who in days now long since past
Joined with us and cast their fortunes,
Stuck together to the last.

Marvelous the railroad's progress,
"Service" has its motto been,
Truly it has "evoluted"
From the days of link and pin.

We rejoice at its successes,
Mutual have our interests been,
And the years we've spent together
Fill us with a sense of kin.

And as year by year we gather
In one common brotherhood
And exchange the hearty hand-shake,
Truly living seemeth good.

May there be good days and many
Meted out to loyal "Vets",
May their span of life be lengthened,
May there be no vain regrets.

But of loyalty and service,
Let us render well and good,
For they're mutual ties that bind us
In a common brotherhood.

So then as we scan the vista
'Neath a summer's sky of blue,
May there be no clouds of sorrow
To bedim or mar our view.

Then with purpose true and steady
And with courage strong and free,
Let's unite to form a trio
Of the railroad, you, and me.

(ADAPTED.)

Of Many Things

AS a general rule "commandments" and codes of conduct formulated by great men and philosophers fail to strike a responsive note in the hearts of ordinary humans whose actions these rules are designed to guide. Too often these are too coldly ideal and fail to recognize the frailties of the ordinary mortal.

However, there are exceptions, and one of these may be noted in the book "Of Many Things" by Otto H. Kahn, public-spirited American and well-known financier, who gives ten rules of conduct for young men. These rules embody a freshness of viewpoint and humanness of understanding that force attention. Here they are, briefed down to meet the limitations of editorial space:

1. Eliminate the word "perfunctory" from your vocabulary. Every task is a test.

2. The most serviceable of all assets is reputation.

3. Exercise the springs of your brain. Do your mental daily dozen.

4. Exercise the horse of your imagination.

5. Be prepared but be patient. Learn how to sit.

6. Be hard-headed, but not hard-boiled.

7. Work hard, but don't become a machine. Keep your ideals.

8. Take an interest and share in public affairs.

9. Meet your fellow men with confidence.

10. Monetary rewards of business success are greater than material reward to achievement in other lines of activity. If successful in business, exercise self-restraint and consideration for others in the use of their opportunities. The successful man must assume and discharge the responsibilities and duties of success, or, from a civic point of view, be a defaulter.—*Southern Pacific Bulletin.*

Stourbridge Lion Centennial

(Continued from page 262)

by towns and cities. This, too, was planned and executed with the same exact precision that the others were. Thousands who had witnessed the parades and speech making of the first two days also remained to see the end of the celebration.

From start to finish the parades, pageant, and exhibits were presented in an orderly and picturesque manner. Those who were responsible for the exposition may be proud of their work and rest assured that it will long be appreciated by all who were present at the celebration. It might be said, further, that few towns of the same size have ever realized the brilliant success in such an undertaking that was enjoyed by Honesdale on the occasion of the Stourbridge Lion Centennial.

A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity. "Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and stopped him from doing so, what virtue should I be showing?"

Willie (promptly)—"Brotherly love."

Clicks from the Rails

In Memory of Ace

About a year ago Captain Emilio Carranza, Mexico's flying ace, returned the good-will flight of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, but, unfortunately, on his return flight his plane was struck by a bolt of lightning and the flier lost his life. Recently the American Association of Railroad Superintendents held a meeting in Mexico city and at that time Superintendent E. T. M. Carr of the Central Railroad of New Jersey was persent at the meeting. With him he brought a small pine tree which had been taken from a spot less than twelve feet from the place where Carranza's body was found. The work of removing the tree from the ground and packing it for shipment was done by a Jersey Central conductor who had worked in a tree nursery before entering the ranks of the railroad. After the presentation of the tree to Mexico, Mr. Carr was presented to President Portes Gil of Mexico.

* * *

Salt Dooms Deer

Seven deer were lured to their death in ten days by a trail of salt along the Lehigh Valley tracks between Mountain Top and White Haven, Penna. A leak in a freight car spread the salt that meant the death of the protected game and wardens who were notified prayed for a rain storm to stop the slaughter. Five of the seven deer killed were the scarce bucks and not the more plentiful does. Salt is a delicacy with deer and is especially favored in hot weather. Three deer were killed on State Highways licking the salt dropped from ice cream trucks. The carcasses of the seven killed by trains were sent to Wilkes-Barre hospitals by the game wardens.

* * *

Where Accidents Happen

A three-year survey by the California R. R. Commission of grade crossing accidents discloses the fact that urban rather than state highway crossings present the greatest hazards; that the railways have invested approximately $3,000,000 in grade crossing protection, and that more than seventy per cent of the accidents occurred during daylight hours.—*Railway Age.*

Endurance Record Holder

Of recent years the world seems to have developed a passion for endurance contests. There are swimming contests, dancing marathons, "bunion derbies", flagpole sitting contests, and others too numerous to mention. Now comes the holder of the world's locomotive endurance record. Locomotive Number 4113 of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railroad, holder of the world's endurance record for locomotives puffed into Kansas City recently having traveled 5,144 miles without having its fire drawn, thus closing its twentieth day of continuous work on freight trains between Kansas City and Birmingham. The old endurance record was 3,500 miles.

* * *

Finds Prize Brooch

Pullman Conductor J. O'Neill while walking from one car to another recently, happened to look down and there on the buffer plates was something which shone brightly and glistened in the sunlight. Upon closer inspection he found it to be a brooch which appeared to be of some value. At the end of his run he turned it in and a notice of the finding of the brooch was broadcast. It then developed that it was the property of Mrs. Joseph Kay of Berkeley, Cal., and was valued at $1,500.

* * *

Conscience Fund

The conscience fund of the Chicago and North Western was enriched $30 recently, when a shabbily dressed man walked into the general agent's office at St. Louis, Mo., and handed over that sum. He explained that he had become convinced that he would not get to Heaven unless he paid for his stolen rides.

* * *

Many Positions

Roscoe E. Andrews is agent for the Baltimore & Ohio at Palestine, Ohio. But that is by no means the extent of Roscoe's activities. He has been town clerk and treasurer for 20 years, he serves as Republican committeeman, and he has gone through all the chairs in four fraternal organizations.

Through Forest Fire

Due to the lack of rain this summer in the Canadian forests, fires have been started which burned for hours, turning the woods into a raging inferno of fire and smoke. Recently a passenger train traversed tracks which were lined with the smouldering embers of the woods where the fire had just passed. The engineman was at last confronted with a solid mass of flame and it seemed that it was coming his way. After a hasty consultation the train crew returned to the train, closed all the windows and the engineman was signalled ahead. Crouching low in the cab, his throttle open wide, they sped through the flames. After three miles of running through the burning forest they emerged on the other side of the danger zone none the worse for their thrilling adventure except for the blistered varnish on the coaches and Pullmans.

* * *

"Broke" Into the Movies

Charles Loeb wanted to get into the movies and had tried many time before. Every time he tried the managers turned him down. He thought of a way, however, that simply "could not fail". He climbed into a long box and had himself shipped from Chicago to Hollywood by express. He carried with him food and water but the supply gave out in the first few days. His plan of escape was to make some sort of noise when he finally arrived in the studio. He lost out, however, when he mistook the railroad freight house for the studio and groaned. He was removed from the box and instead of getting into the movies, he went to jail.

* * *

Rare Train Order

R. A. McCranie, assistant general manager, Atlantic Coast Line, is the proud possessor of what is believed to be the only train order ever autographed by ex-President Calvin Coolidge. The order governed the movement of the special train which took Mr. Coolidge and his party to Mountain Lake, Fla., to dedicate the Bok Singing Tower there.

Missing the Fun

THE man who misses all the fun
Is he who says "It can't be done."
In solemn pride he stands aloof
And greets each venture with reproof.
Had he the power he'd efface
The history of the human race;
We'd have no steam nor trolley cars,
No street lit by electric stars;
No telegraph nor telephone.
We'd linger in the age of stone
Where, when some keen barbaric brain
Of life's conditions dare complain,
And planned a wheel on which to roll
The load his arms could not control,
Sneers rose from all the mighty crew
That ever scoffs at what is new,
The world would sleep if things were run
By men who say "It can't be done."